

BOOK REVIEWS.

Creelman's Interviews.

It appears from his recently published book, "On the Great Highway," that Mr. James Creelman has been almost everywhere and known almost everybody worth knowing. It also appears that he believes in his business, and in his paper, both of which articles of belief are good.

The book is full of interesting matter, handled in a breeze and picture-sque style. There are twenty chapters, containing, among other things, interviews with the Pepe, Telstey, Weyler, Kosrath, Sitting Bull, and other people of interest, and adventures in Korea, Cuba, China, Haiti, the Phillippines, and ciscwhere.

The chapter which describes the battle of Port Arthur, commins some of the best writing in the book, though it is all good, and the author's style is remarkably even. However, this particular event concerned things less familiar to the reading world than those taken up in some of the other chapters. Here are one or two para-

The little group of saddle-weary foreign correspondents stood around a heap of blazing wood while their horses were being fed by the excited coolies. The wide valley fismed and roared with the camp fires of the invading host, and thousands of dust-covered coolies moved in the darkness with the ammunition and food. I anxiously watched a small man pacing slowly before a smouldering fire, around which were gathered a few whispering staff officers. His head was bowed, and his hands were locked behind his back as he moved. It was General Yamaji, the terrible little division commander—he who deliberately plucked out his own eye at school to show his comrades that he was not a coward. Our fate depended upon this man, for he was the real gen-"The little group of saddle-weary foreign upon this man, for he was the real general of the attacking forces, the stout old field marshal being a political rather than a military element in the situation.

"Yamaji turned away from the fire and with a surly nod of the head to his offi-cers mounted his horse. The staff fol-lowed his example. I swung myself into given (Washington The Neale Company.) with a surly nod of the head to his offithe saddle and joined the general as he pushed forward with the right wing of the army across the head of the valley and around the face of the western hills in preparation for the turning movement

batteries growning over the loose siones in the dry river beds; horses plunging and atombling, with mountain guns strapped on their backs; the swift clatter of the cavalry sweeping backward and forward with news of the enemy; the steady tramp and murmur of the infantry; the crawling lines of coolies attending the fighting men; pow and then a horse and rider roll-

"It made a man grow cold to be near Yamnji and see the gleam in that one eye. There were sounds of voices around him as the swift messengers came and went in the gloom, but it was a strange babble of Asiatic accents, falling weirdly upon the cars of a New York newspaper writer, borne along atomlike in that hu-

"If ever a man can realize the insignificance of the individual compared with the force of organized society, if ever there can be borne in upon his understanding the fact that his true measure In the world is the five or six feet that span the longth of his grave, if ever he can be overwhelmed by a sense of innellness in the midst of a multitude, it should be in such a scene as this."

And there are some 400 pages of this sort of writing. (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.)

# A Pastel From France.

"The Screen," by Paul Bourget, is a Httle story of modern French life, with that underione of cynical melancholy which seems to be the hall-mark of the modern Parisian. The heroine is the "lacreen" for an intimacy between the here, who is not as one would expect in a story of M. Bourget; but Gallie psychological aubtle-ties are rather upt to leave a bud taste erly had end. (New York: J. F. Taylor

# Crockett's Latest Novel.

### An Authretic Fantasy,

"The Great White Way," by Albert oun-remantle nature, having for its basis an expedition for the discovery of the South Pole. The descriptions of this expedition are most enchanting. The people engaged in it are breezy and interesting. and everything is made expecdingly comfortable for them. The author's imaginative pleture of the country abound the South Pole is the idealistic touch which South Fole is the identistic touch which saves the story from being commonplace on the one hand, and his opicy humor reacces it from duliness on the other. It is essentially unexpected all the way is essentially unexpected all the way through. There is an Easter party about half way through the book, at which one of the principal characters offers a series of apporisms for the entertainment of the company. Here are some of them:

"This is a good world if we just think so. The toothache is about the worst thing in it, and we can have the tooth pulled.

ture if you let the other man do the talk

A manquite has no fear of death, and

pound of them will rain the best addi-ion ever laid out." Among the unexpected things in the book among the mixture of verse and finish in plantation style, entitled "Old Brown Cown." It ought to be published somewhere in a collection of lullables, for it would be sure to be a prime favorite in the nursery. In fact, it is worth singing almost anywhere. (New York: J. F. Taylor Cownary.)

every-day world of his chilihood seems unreal and fantastic. He is convinced that somewhere there is a real world, where people will act as do his ideals, and is the rourse of his search for this the plot of the story is developed. The conception is thoughtful, the character-drawing masterly at times, and always intelligent and careful while toward the end the overy-day world of his childhood seems of the story is developed. The concep-tion is thoughtful, the character-drawing musterly at times, and always intelligent and careful, while toward the end the man's advancement. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

#### A Housier Novel.

"An Indiana Girl" is the title of a story by Fred S. Lincoln, in which a peculiar

#### Nebulous Romance.

"The Debatable Land," by Arthur Colton, is well named, for it is debatable land, most of it, and the reader can read which was to be the key of the battle.

"We ware carried along in the darkness with a horrible sense of universal motion on the edges of giant carth seams and steep precipiess, with the artiflery clanging and grinding and the ponderous stege.

To the end without getting any very clear idea of what Mr. Colton is driving at. There is, however, one capital bit of descriptions in the product of the record of Conselstion on his first visit to be toward the first visit to the record of Conselstion on his first visit to the rooms of his friend, the old German nusselan. Fritz Moselle is real, human, and delicious, and one seems to have known him. The rest of the characters are either lay figures or hundles of con-tradictory qualities. (New York: Harper

### Mr. Henley's Lutest Utterance,

Mr. W. E. Henley has been making himself conspicuous of late by the assertion ing down over the rocks; frightened that he, and not Stevenson, wrote the steeds shying at campfires; a procession | books on which the fame of the latter of rumuritien boxes carried along like that coffins; occasionally a glimpue of a ravine with rivers of bayonets gleaming at the bottom of it; anxious and hungry skirmishers, creeping on their bellies along the ridges of the distant reaks—

Thou are noted the fame of the latter result. If he intended this performance as an advertisement for his age book of the many good. If he intended the poems as a proof of his assertion, the proof is the wrong way. They are note or of the control of the same of the latter result.

bowl of roses, and the last verse runs in

"And the soul of them rose like a pres-

ence, Into me crept and grew, And filled me with something-someone— O, was it you?"
It may be that this in poetry, but it has s strong odor of bathes about it. The

someone and not knowing exactly who it is, is rather too esoteric for the average mind. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

# Adeler Redivivus.

"Captain Bluitt," by Max Adeler, is a new story by a humorist familiar to the ublic some twenty years ago. It is not a humorous tale—that is, not specifical-is; for the main interest is romantic; but there is county humor in it to make it suicy and interesting (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. \$1.50.)

# A New Anthology.

"Songs of Nature" is the title given to a offection of nature verse collected and dited by John Burroughs. It is to be feared that the collection will prove somewhat disappointing to many readers. In the first place, Mr. Burroughs has ranged over the whole field of English and American verse, instead of confining himself, as he might very well have done, to the poets of America alone; and he has thus attempted a task too great for the amount of space at his disposal. It really seems as if it would have been better to leave out the English notes and ret to recree as if it would have been better to leave out the English poets and put in more Americans. In the list of Americans, moreover, there are some omissions which seem unaccountable. Mr. Forroughs him-self has written some things which are superior to many which he has included in his collection. One was also seed to in his collection. One poet who is not represented here at all is Mrs. Adeline D T. Whitney, whose "Bird Talk" is one of the most exquisite him of mimicry in tion of the kail-yard, where he began, has laid the scene of his latest novel, "The Firebrand," in Spain. His here, however, is a Scotchman, who is leading the life of a sulfiler of fortune, and there is plenty of romance, adventure, intrigue, and excitement in the course of the developments. The combination of 'icot and Spaniard makes picturesque rending. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.)

An Autoroxia

"Photography as a Fine Art," by uses in a serious spirit the pictorial possibilities of photography. It is fully illustrated with examples of the work of various more or less famous amateurs, various more or less famous amateurs, and the illustrations show what can be done in the way of really artistic work with the camera. Among the artists reparated are Alfred Stleglitz, Gertrade Kasebler, Frank Pugene. Charence H. White, and others: and the subjects are of all zeria and conditions.

The two essentials of artistic phagography Mr. Caffin points out as follows:

"The photographer must have as sound a knowledge of the principles of picture-making as the painters have; and accordly, it is within his power, as well an theirs, to put personal expression into

belrs, to put personal expression into

This hauwledge of picture-making, of the principles of art, is precisely the thing in which most amateurs are lament-ably deficient, and it is because of this

st beautiful, taken all in all, of the xamples here shown, though some other riists have done charming things with be camera. His determination, his skill, ad his methods in perfecting himself in is art are shown by two anecdotes which

ither gives: - night Mr. Stieglitz was awakened the light ar. Steglitz was awarened by a blizzard, and getting up and putting on many layers of clothing, crept from the house. He set his aboulders to the storm and worked his way backward up the street, at one moment laying his camera swept from his hands and carried for by the wind, but eventually obtaining or by the wind, but eventually obtaining picture. Soon after dayloreak, when he storm had cleared, other photograhers began to arrive, to whom the potenan, energing from his shelter, remarked: "Ah, you tellers ain't the first; here was a d—d fool here in the midle of the night." With one accord they scholing d. "Stierlitz".

claimed: "Stieghtz"
"No picture has secured its author Company. It could be published somewhere in a collection of inlining, for it would be sure to be a prime favorite in the nursery. In fact, it is worth singing almost anywhere. (New York: J. F. Taylor Company.)

A Striking Book

"The Real World" is a new novel by Hobert Herrick, whose romance cutified, "The Web of Life," made something of an impression on the reading world a year or so ago. This book is in some ways a stronger one, and certainly less centralidities and composed, but stiffened at once into unsatural self-consciousness at any sugdictory and more idealistic. The hero natural self-consciousness at any sug-is a dreamer, a boy to whom the squalid, sestion of a sitting. Mr. Stieglitz culti-sant day would be be childhood seems

ture he proposed to take. On reaching the camera he expressed a doubt as to how much of a seene he should include, and begged Mr. R. to stand for a moment that he might compare the scale of the figure with that of of the landscape. Without a suspicion the gentleman plac-ed himself, assuming his accustomed al-titude, and the next moment his portrait had been secured." (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.)

#### Renaissance Sculptors.

"Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance," by L.J. Freeman, is a carefully written and exquisitely illustrated book on Italian art. It cannot fail to interest and to please anyone who is making a study of this particular development in the great povement of the Renalisance.

movement of the Renaissance.

The anihor begins with a chapter "On the Enjoyment of Sculpture," which will to many readers seem the most faucinating in the book. It is a delicate yet thorth analysis of the pleasure excited b opposit of that of the Renaissance. Th difference between the Greek sculptor an the artist of the Honaissance has perhap never been more perfectly defined. The

In the Greek, the form, aside from the material and the workmanship of the marble, is the essential to which all else the material upon its surface treatment its color, its pelish. So great has been the sculpte; a longing for beauty that, al-though in the cramped physical life of the Middle Ages, his eyes have never beheld nor his heart conceived the perfect form of Greek life, and he has but caugh fragments of beauty, a forchead, a month or a hand, and has set them inadequately yet, out of his longing for beauty, he has lavished toll upon the details, working the marble as if it were wax, similin at a tie play of light and shade over face, and has invented a new mel of sight to entrance the eye. And so thereby reflected to us, that we, too, ache for beauty. Certain delicate sensat touch which it suggests, as the pas the finger-tips over subtly modeled sur-faces, the fall of cyclids on the check, and others as inexpressible in words, give pleasure as poignant as that which comes with the sudden perfumes wafted over Tuscan hedges in spring and attends the lingering afterglow of clear yellow sun-

along the ridges of the distant peaks—and yet a curious hush over it all, the sense of a secret to be kept.

"Not a sign of a fag, the roll of a drum, or the note of a bugle; nothing but the rush of human feet, the heat of hoofs, the crunching of wheels and the clank of cold steel.

In assertion, the proof is the wrong way and the purple curves of Tuscan hills."

Mr. Henley has written two or three really fine lyrics, exquisite in form and potent in thought, but that is not a sign that he can do anything more. In this the card do anything more. In this assertion, the proof is the wrong way.

They are made up of a few phrases and the book, after this introduction, is divided into two parts the first dealing with the carly, the second with the late Renalszance. The characteristics of each are taken up, and a chapter is devoted to each of the principal sculptors and their works: Ghiberti, Fountello, Luca della bowl of rosez, and the last verse runs in Robbia, Michelangelo, Cellini, the San-sovint. All of the principal works of each sculptor are reproduced; and the whole makes up a book which is delightful even to the eye of the reader who does not know or care much about this branch of (New York: The Macmillan Com

# Jacob A. Riis.

"The Making of an American," is the title which Jacob A. Riis has chosen for his autobiography, and the book is just like the man, simple, straightforward, and without any waste of time. He tells of his childhood in Denmark, of his coming to this country, of his work for the
"other half" in New York, as police
reporter and agent of philonthropy, of the great reform movement
that swept over New York some years
age, and his own part in it; and every
treb of the tribe a interesting. inch of the tale is interesting

Perhaps the most interesting part of it, to many readers, will be the chapter which tells of Mr. Rits's connection with Throdore Roosevelt. It runs in part as

write 'How the Other Balf Lives' that her tare to the Other Haif Lives that is came to the Evening Sun' office one lay leoling for me. I was out, and he left his card, merely writing on the back of it that he had read my book, and had come to help. That was all, and I calls the whole story of the man. I loved him from the day I first may him; nor we were brothers in Mulberry Street. When he left I had seen its golden age. I knew too well the evil day that was ming back to have any heart in it after

"Not that we were carried beaven-ward on "howery beds of case," while it lasted. There is very little case where Theodore Roosevelt leads, as we all of u all did," and lived to respect him, though use discretion in the enforcement of unpopular laws, found it out and went away with a new and breathless notion swelling up in him of an official's sworn duty. That was it, that was what made the age golden, that for the first time moral purpose came into the street. In light of it everything was transform-

"Not all at once. It took us weary months to understand that the Phouting about the 'enforcement of the dend Ex-cise Law,' was lying treachery or rank ignorance, one as had as the other. The Recise Law was not dead. It was never so much alive as under Tammany, but it may be a supported to the second second keepers who needed discipline. It was a Tammany club with which to drive a Tammany club with which to drive them into camp, and it was used so vigorously that no less than eight thousand arrests were made under it in the year before Roosevelt made them all close up. Freity lively corpus, that But we understood at last, most of us, understood that the lap-root of the pelice blackmail was there, and that it had to be pulled up if we were ever to get any farther. We understood that we were the victims of our own shamming, and we grew to be better clitizens for it. The police force became an army of harses—for see force became an army of horses-fe "Thore may be men who could get rich asyling poker, but I've only happened to now the ones that had tried it."

"It isn't hard work to judge human na-"

The work of Mr. Stieglitz is perhaps the lock in a season. All the good in it came out; and there is a lot of it in the work of times. Rossevelt had the true philosopher's stone that turns dress to gold, in his own sturdy faith in his fellow-men.

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illustpations.

12 Full-Page

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IN PREPARATION MISS PETTICOATS.

# Probably the most peculiar title given

Men became good because he thought

"I never saw Theodore Roosevelt to bet-ter advantage than when he confronted the laber men at their meeting place, Clarendon Hall. The police were all the time having trouble with strikers and their 'picket.' Roosevelt saw that it was become neither perconference of the was because neither party understood fully the position of the other, and with his usual directness sent word to the labor organizations that he would like to talk it over with them. At his request I went with him to the meeting. It developed al-mest immediately that the labor men had taken a wrong measure of the man. They met him as a politician playing for points, and hinted at troubles unless their de-monds were met. Mr. Rocsevelt broke

them off short; "Gentlement" he said, with that snap of the jaws that always made people listen. 'I asked to meet you, hoping that we wight come to understand one another lence. It will also be worse for himself, Understand distinctly that order will be kept. The police will keep it. Now we

"I was never so proud and pleased as when they applicated him to the echo. He reddened with pressure, for he naw that the best in them had come out on op, as he expected it would.

"Sometime after that I was in his office one day when a police official of superior rank came in and requested private audi-ence with him. They stepped aside, and the policeman spoke in an undertone urging him strongly. Mr. Roosevell lis-tened. Suddenly I saw him straighten up-as a man recoils from something unclear and dismiss the other with a sharp 'No sir! I don't fight that way.' The police-man went out crestallen. Robssycht took two or three turns about the floor, strugtwo or three turns about the floor, strug-gling evidently with strong disgust. He fold me afterward that the flan had come to him with what he said was cer-taln knowledge that his enemy could that night be found in a well-known evil house notown, which it was his alleged habit to visit. His proposition was to raid it then and get square. To the peliceman it must have seemed like throwing a good chance away, but it was not Rosseveli's way."

Allowing for the cutbustasm of personal friendship, still all this is interesting. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

# What "Junk" Is.

to a book in some time is that announced by the C. M. Clark Company for publication within a few days. It is called 'Junk" Mr. Leon Lempert, fr., of Rochester, N. Y., who does not call himself the author, but the instinator" of "Junk" tells his publishers he intends it to be a "book to starger serrew." The publish-ers claim it is "recommended by the medical fraternity as a sure cure for weeps." The instigator writes as follows in his "Overture to Junk:"

So now my gentle readers, Now that I've done my best, I calmly passe And wait for fame To hit me in the chest."

It is promised that the volume will be absolutely unique, entirely unlike any of the books hitherto put on the market to five various subjects of popular inteest are covered, with a set of verses for each; the illustrations, numbering over one hundred are attractively printed in colors, and it is confidently expected that will be they will provoke gains of laughter.

# The good people of Boston were startled

one morning recently by reading on the papers, in the news columns, these scare headlines: "Hamilton Shot in Duel With Burr; Victim Mortally Wounded." That there had been a duel was sufficiently important news to call the first attention of the reader to this particular feature of the paper. On the morning trains and the paper. On the morning trains and street cars one could have seen nine out of ten who read that particular paper settle down to read this news article first—or what was apparently a news article. Following the scare heading was a hefef but thrilling account of all that could be learned of a duel which had taken place at Wechawken Heights between General Alexander Hamilton and Colonel Aaron Burr, but the date line which started the first paragraph was "New York, July II, 1864." The render did not notice that, however, until he had read to the end when he found appended about five lines however, until he had read to the end d when he found appended about five lines under the date of "Boston, November 7, 1997," revealing the fact in a subtite surf of way that it was all in an invertisement for "Biennerhassett," Charles Felton Pidgin's thrilling romance which has

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THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd. 17 West Thirteenth Street, New York.

urr and Hamilton for chief characters I went to learn the result."

About the middle of this month a depatch went around the country to this

Light from decayed meat is the latest "Light from decayed ment is the latest discovery which may set the scientific world agog. Prof. Gerham, of Brewn University, has succeeded in extracting from an over-ripe perterhouse steak sufficient illumination to enable him to take photographs of inboratory apparatus. Prof. Gerham is seeking to find an artificial light in which the element of heat is not contained and believes he is

heat is not contained, and believes he is on the roul to definite results." In this connection it may be interest-ing to refor to page 165, of Charles Felton Pidgin's popular romance, "Blenner-hassett," where Harman Blennerhassott

s quoted as saying: "Well, do you know, as soon as I missed those candles, before I could get any more here from Marietta, I went to work on a substitute. I knew that naimal substances when left in moist places, or under water,

and their duel as a principal event of the frametic story. It was certainly a new and effective way of advertising a popular core.

After some further talk Blannerhassett explains that his theory remains undermonstrated because when he went to hook at the result he found the fishes had deverted all the most cured all the meat.

This may seen like a fish story, but it is not. That Blennerhasnett started to make such a test as now seems to have been made 100 years later, with success, is a historical fact.

# New Nature Liberry.

Doubleday & Co.'s "New Nature Lirary," which includes A. Radelyffe Durmore's "Bird Homes," Neltje Blanchan's "Nature's Garden," and others, has now sold 76,000 copies, and to celebrate its large success the volume will be brought out this week in a new spe-cial library edition of pelished buckram with leather title labels. A new book shortly to appear in this series with color photographs is "The Food and Game